

FINE DISPLAY OF FIRE IN KILAUEA CRATER

THE LATEST NEWS.

Kilauea has been keeping up her activity during the week. There have been parties of visitors every night to watch the lava flow at the bottom of the pit. The scene of activity has changed about and one of the small lakes has filled up with lava, to the general level of the crater's floor, where it formed a boiling patch of red. The glow above the crater is visible some miles at night time.—Last Hawaii Herald.

BY MRS. AUSTIN N. WALTON.

A trip to Honolulu which does not include in its itinerary a visit to the Volcano of Kilauea would be as incomplete as a dinner from which every course had been eliminated after the second.

The twenty-four hour steamer trip from Honolulu to Hilo, is the most remarkable I have ever taken. Smooth as a millpond while traveling along the shores of the islands when one promades the deck, exclaims at the beauty of the sea and sky and with the witching spell of the tropic environment upon him forgets for the moment to comment on the foibles of his fellow travelers. Suddenly rough and boisterous as the China Sea in a typhoon while crossing the channels, when one flees unceremoniously and without apology to his stateroom, takes refuge in his berth and thinks things unutterable, and then welcome as oases in the desert come the frequent stops at the different ports, where, while the steamer lies quietly at anchor, one dresses and eats his meals with all the comfort of a home.

To the sightseer, the ride from Hilo to the Volcano House furnishes a veritable scenic paradise. Taking one through sugar cane plantations, matchless forest, complete tunnels of coconut trees and palms, and tangled masses of wild roses and honeysuckle, and whether the tourist is a scientist or only a novice in the contemplation of the mysterious workings of nature he is furnished with abundant food for study and thought on his arrival at the largest active volcano in the world.

It was the weird and fantastic rather than the grim and terrible which appealed to me, as I gazed over the brink of the crater of Halemaumau, into the fiery depths beneath, where the forces of nature seemed to be at work as they must have been at the beginning of the world thousands of years ago. I have never believed in a literal hell, nor do I now, after looking into the crater, but I can understand as I never did before how such a belief came. Prehistoric man must have seen such a sight or a flaming hell could not have been conceived. His mind could invent no fate more horrible than to be hurled into such a pit, and my modern imagination can picture no worse, but still no thought of an inferno as painted by our early theologians came to me as I gazed with fascination into the seething mass of molten lava, which seemed to be rising from the very bowels of the earth.

In both cases the lava was flowing on Friday night and as I watched, gleaming cracks would open and the fiery liquid would take the form of grotesque figures, or curl up and break like waves, or perhaps run zigzag through the dark mass like flashes of lightning, and once a great crack opened even wider, giving a deeper and more terrifying glimpse into the depth of the fiery sea.

Measuring the distance with the eye from the top of the crater on the opposite side to the bottom of the pit, the depth seems very great, but when I looked directly down into this immense pit, with the world's great fires raging so fiercely within, it seemed so appallingly near that I drew back involuntarily, feeling almost as if my face had been scorched by a fiery blast.

Not a particle of vapor or steam obscured our vision, and as darkness fell over the great caldron of burnt, blackened lava, the glow from beneath was dazzling and every movement of the flowing streams of fire was plainly to be seen. At one spot a continuous spouting and spitting of flame was kept up with great regularity, and at times good-sized chunks of burning lava would be thrown to a considerable distance. The whole was accompanied by the most awful hissing and sizzling and crackling, which was now and then varied by the sound of exploding gases, or intensified by a sudden cessation of all noise for a second or two, only to be followed by a sound which seemed like the rush of the sea.

If everyone could see Kilauea as she is now I am certain they would agree with me that there is nothing like it in all the world, and even in a state of inactivity, as it often is, it is well worth a journey of many miles to see. The entire trip has given me the most unique experience in all my travels, and all the members of our party agreed that from the moment the Kilauea left the dock at Honolulu till we came down the gangway of the Mauna Loa a week later, through the cooperation of the officers of the steamship company, the owner of the Volcano House, Mr. Lycurus, and the splendid behavior of Kilauea, we had been treated to the very best time of our lives. Our satisfaction has been complete and our most oft-told tale on reaching the mainland will be of our trip to Kilauea.

BY CORA DELIA WILLIAMS.

After two days spent at the Volcano House watching the smoke from the burning pit circulating toward the heavens by day and by night, the glow as it lights the darkness from the fires that burn hundreds of feet deep down in the earth, I paid a visit direct to that seething, boiling furnace of fire and lava.

As I watched, I saw flames leap, then momentarily die away, then rise and soar again and again, forming fantastic shapes in their efforts to vent their fury. I saw a fiery banner hundreds of feet long, burn like a piece of paper, then blacken as it died, and in another instant it glowed and burned again. I saw serpents of fire travel across the floor of the pit and strike their fangs in the boiling lava.

There seemed to be beds and lakes of fire each working furiously as if it had some purpose to accomplish.

As I watched the lava spurt and flow, I was awed by the weirdness of it all, and I thought of that Shakespearean play and the three witches that beat the cauldron to boiling over, while they danced around it chuckling and gloating over the vengeance that must surely come.

Outside the pit in all directions the grounds are pouring forth hot steam and smoke. The sulphur beds are almost suffocating from the fumes that constantly rise from them, and the hand held six inches above the escape of steam would be burned to a blister in a second's time.

Out in the crater I burned many postal cards in the heat that pours from the cracks in the lava. A card held in the cracks four inches below the surface will be well scorched in half a minute, and in one minute's time it would be burned to a cinder.

One of the old pits in the crater emits heat as if from a furnace. There each night visitors make coffee and dry drenched clothing. Yet one may walk in perfect comfort and safety above those subterranean fires, and view in wonder the splendor of it all.

Fearlessly I stood on the brink of the pit and sent the power of my lungs across that turbulent chasm. In an instant the perpendicular cliffs a half mile away took up my voice and sent the echo back. Again and again I shouted to hear the waves of my voice float back across the pit.

As I retraced my steps over those miles of lava waste, where once burned fires as fiercely as those now raging in Halemaumau, I was struck by the blueness of the sky and the brightness of the sun.

How majestic! How sublime! are the infinite laws that control the universe.

BY MRS. NETTIE E. ROBESON.

I have been asked to describe the volcano as it looked to me. I herewith submit the following:

I was one of the party of ten, which left the Volcano House at five p. m., December 14th, 1906. We followed a narrow trail until we reached the lava beds, which are three miles of barren waste. Here we dismounted and left our good steeds and walked about a mile to the volcano.

"As it looked to me," it is a great round pit perhaps a thousand feet deep. Down its craggy sides, are siftings of powdered sulphur, like snow on the mountains, so artistic, that no artist would attempt to improve, for the King of Artists drew that picture, in all its beauty and in all its horror.

And as I stood on the rim of the crater so vast and deep, the thought came to me, if at some time, long ago, that two flint rocks might have rolled down the mountain side and come together with a force that caused the spark which ignited the sulphur beds far below, in that bottomless pit, which is now a lake of fire, and as I gazed down in that vast inferno of the unknown, I could see cities of fire with their beautiful streets and lights (far more beautiful than any earthly lights I have ever seen, rolling landscapes of trees and flowers, fountains of rocks and sand, hundreds of feet high, which fell hissing in the brine, and as I looked on that weird city of fire and heat a shower of flame shot up far into that Egyptian darkness like the tossing torches of a million demons sent from hell to conquer the world by blood.

On the other side of the crater, I see a Royal throne, and on that throne I see His Majesty's chair molded in perfect shape of a pink sea shell, and by its side stands a demon with open mouth, too terrible to describe. I stood upon that terrible scene below, to the calm and beautiful starlit sky. I imagined I saw two paths, one leading to sure destruction the other to peaceful rest.

BY WALTER G. SMITH.

I have seen the volcano of Kilauea twice before, but each time the monster was asleep; so when I made my third visit the other day and found him very much awake, the spectacle was new and fresh. People ask whether the eruption is as fine as some previous ones, but being only able to judge of the others by pictures of them, none made at the same primary stage in the development of the lava flow as that which I had the privilege of viewing one week ago to-day, I do not think I can give a satisfactory answer. But let me say in summing up what was to be seen, that there is fire in the bottom of the crater of Kilauea and that the display is, to a novice, fascinating by day and splendidly so by night.

The great eruptions of Kilauea usually begin mildly. First is seen a glow of fire on the floor of the pit, say 800 or 1000 feet below the level of the encompassing outer crater, Halemaumau; then a gradual filling of the abyss with a mass of lava from which at times jets, or fountains and even geysers of fire leap fifty feet in air; finally the crater full to the brim, a bubbling, red pond, spectacular to the last degree, whether in pyrotechnical throes or not.

The painters of Kilauea usually choose this final period of activity in which to get inspiration for their canvases and that is why tourists, who go there at other times, think they have not had all that is coming to them. They want Pele's clock to be striking twelve at all hours. It is not enough that the spectacle is absorbing at any continuous time.

Before I went from hotel to pit the other day, I saw a red signal. There was a great cry after sunset, "The Volcano! The Volcano!" and all the comfort-seeking loungers beside the crackling wood fires at the Volcano House ran out to see the show. Away off over the black plain of Halemaumau,

was the "pillar of fire by night," succeeding the pillar of cloud by day, which marked the home of Pele—the Goddess of the Avernian gate.

Several of the party went to the crater at once. I could not go with them. The report they brought back was all but unanimous regarding the beauty of the scene. A woman, the inevitable kicker, dissented. She said: "That volcano is a bigger fraud than the Southern Cross." Fooled by crimsoned postal cards she had, perhaps, gone to see lakes and floods and terrestrial outbursts of molten rock, hissing, aerial bombs of red-hot slag and all that sort of thing. She reminded me of a woman who, inflamed by circus posters, went to the menagerie to see the Mighty Monarch of the Jungle, the Majestic, the Ferocious and the All-destroying Rhinoceros and was halted before a cage where a fat, warty beast with loose skin and piggyish eyes, hugely interesting but not up to the showbills, yawned rudely in her face. "That plain thing!" she exclaimed indignantly and then to the ticket-seller: "Say, you old fraud, give me back my money."

What the rest of the party admired in the volcano was a translucent crust of lava, nearly covering the bottom of the pit, continually streaked, crinkled and broken by underlying fires. Piercing this crust were small cones—themselves miniature volcanoes—from which Devil's rockets were now and then discharged. Out of the sides of the crater steam sometimes burst or a cascade of fluid rock. It was a bright and busy laboratory of infernal alchemists. Every moment there was some new experiment tried which ended in smoke or flame. Now and again the clouds above would redden as if the Evil Spirit of the depths had turned his searchlight on the skies.

On the Sunday night following, a week ago, the whole sunken floor of Kilauea became like a lake of fire. But it had not risen much.

My own visit to the edge of the pit was made on a fine morning. Our party rode horses, as is usual in the seven mile journey to and from Kilauea, the starting point being the Volcano House where Pele's nephew, Demosthenes Lycurus, looks after the creature comforts of his aunt's guests—this time with the help of his brother George. Viewed from the hotel there were sure signs of great heat at Kilauea. Smoke had disappeared and over the abyss hung a blue, gaseous vapor. Getting nearer, one saw over the "hot spot," where coffee is made and corn popped, a forbidding shimmer of superheated air; and off among the heaps of firebricks which reveal the site of a previous crater—for these pits change their locations sometimes—steam was pouring out as if from a giant's cauldron near the surface.

Then to the brink. The abyss was flecked with light and tapestried with shadows, and away down on the floor of the awesome place there was something moving. It looked like a snake made of rainbows, sinuous, hesitating, and intent to charm and then destroy. What one really saw was a winding brook of lava, touched by interloping sunshine which mingled its tints of pearl and gold and Jasper with the red of malignant fires. Suddenly the scene changed. The brook was gone but near by a pool slowly formed which might have been a foothold for a tired Satan, come home from far adventures, a pool which creamed and mantled at the touch of air and then began to reflect the light of a nearby cone which, as we looked, cracked wide apart, showed what seemed to be a filling of incandescent coals and then grew black. We saw a dark cave in the volcano's floor and another in the lower walls, out of which, at long intervals, came a bright glare, as if a furnace door far within had just been widely swung. Yellow smears of sulphur appeared on the sides and we all wondered why the heat which had fused the very ribs-rocks of the globe had not caused it to ignite.

From the crater came at all times, the noise of geologic travail. Stony structures seemed to creak and moan and loose, heavy things to fall from heights. A superstitious mind might hear the matter of buried voices, the choked respiration of dying men, the struggles of brutes. How easily one may learn on the shelving edge of Kilauea how the theological hell came to be invented. Those old Jewish patriarchs who, knowing nothing of the laws of nature, explained her phenomena by their own fears, made up all sorts of nightmares, among them a hell for the souls of people they did not agree with on questions of their day. This hell must have been patterned on some volcano they had seen and heard and dreamed of; for their stories about the place of everlasting torment, where the fire is not quenched, are full of volcanic imagery. And those mysterious voices of the pit. Did not they prove the presence there of people in distress, bad people, of course, who had scoffed in life at Jewish patriarchs, old, bearded men with desert madness in their brains?

Was the volcano trip worth while? Upon that point our traveling party was pretty well agreed. Every day of the seven held some new pleasure. There was comfort of table and domicile all the way, despite a little rain and more than a little mistiness; crisp air and sharp appetites on the high lands; the fascinating visit to Pele's mountain home; the run back along a strange coast with a stop-off at Captain Cook's monument and a carriage ride through Kona. One who misses that journey loses one of the best things the Territory has to offer.

BY ED. WHEECE OF TONOPAH.

The most pleasant and interesting portion of my visit to the Hawaiian Islands has been my excursion to the volcano, Kilauea.

We boarded the Kilauea at 12 m., and after crossing the channels and touching at various ports we sailed the last half day along the eastern coast of Hawaii, which presented an almost perpendicular precipice of a considerable height, down the face of which ran numerous beautiful waterfalls into the sea, while the top of the precipice was crowned with miles of green waving fields of sugar cane, interspersed with cottages and herds of peacefully grazing cattle and sheep,



SNOW ON MAUNA KEA AS SEEN FROM VOLCANO HOUSE.

making a sight not soon forgotten.

At 2 p. m. the following day we arrived at the picturesque town of Hilo, lying with all its wealth of verdure and quaint "Old World" air on the very water's edge. We passed the night at the comfortable Hotel Demosthenes, lulled to sleep by the music of waves breaking on the shore, and arising in time to take the train at 7 a. m. After steaming along through cane and banana fields, with here and there thickets of wild woods, vines and flowers more than beautiful, an hour or more, we again halted. This time we were put aboard the very commodious and comfortable coach and driven along the most beautifully tropical roadway one can possibly imagine, a perfect wealth of ferns, beautified by luxuriant masses of vines filled with flowers and berries of every description, for a distance of several miles, reaching the Volcano House at eleven o'clock where we were cordially welcomed by its genial host and taken in to a most appetizing luncheon, to which we all did ample justice.

Being most anxious to view the volcano while active I proceeded there without delay, and found it burning considerably, but not until the third and last evening of my stay, did I see it at its best. Our party together with a guide mounted our agile little ponies which are kept for this purpose by the proprietors of the hotel,

about 2 p. m. After descending the steep wooded declivity into the lava beds, we continued our way over the cracked and smoking beds for a couple of miles, meantime paying visits to the "Little Beggar" crater, "Devils Kitchen," etc., until we reached the corral where we left our horses and proceeded on foot for a short distance, arriving at the crater just in time to see a splendid outbreak of lava on the south side, while in several other places we could see the hidden fury smoldering and threatening to break forth at any moment, so we sat down on the brink of the crater to await developments, and just as darkness fell we were rewarded with a most magnificent upheaval of red hot lava and stones from each side of the crater, filling the whole crater, which is nearly one thousand feet deep, with a glorious red glow, making it light as day.

After silently contemplating the immensity of the unknown forces lying behind this wild outburst, which were accentuated by the continued hissing of gases escaping and the spouting of red hot stones up into the air every few moments, as though in warning of what was to follow, together with the sulphurous fumes, I quietly arose, leaving the spot more than satisfied with what I had seen, and not a little awed by the gigantic proportion of this Nature's store-house of beauty and destruction. Particularly did I realize

this, as I sat, some half hour later, scorching postal cards over an immense crack in the lava, some half mile distant from the crater, and listening to the boiling of the coffee, over the same source of heat, that our hosts had so thoughtfully provided. The bed of fire was many miles square. I should say to any one who had not visited this great wonder of Dame Nature, to do so by all means, I feel sure they must feel as I did, amply repaid.

The next morning at six o'clock we found every one hurrying to get off on the coach again. After a delightful drive we again boarded our vessel to return to Honolulu, but we had not seen it all yet, for at daybreak the next morning we found ourselves descending into a large row-boat, and the sturdy sailors had soon rowed us ashore where we viewed Capt Cook's Monument, returning in time for breakfast on the ship, after which the last, but not least, pleasant surprise of this most agreeable excursion, came in another delightful carriage drive, the principal feature being miles of coffee plantations through which we passed.

Again we took the boat and continued our journey home without further stop, arriving at 9 o'clock in the morning of the eighth day of our trip, feeling we had been most royally treated, and fully repaid in every measure, retaining a pleasing impression of our genial hosts.

Farming in Hawaii

By Allan Herbert.

From my former connection with the Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry, I still receive a number of inquiries from Europe and the mainland, as well as from this Territory, concerning public lands and diversified agriculture generally, and as I have no time to answer them all personally, I avail myself of your kind offer to publish them.

It is of importance to this Territory and to every thinking man, that the truth should be told regarding the actual conditions here and the opportunities for white immigration.

And as honest men, we should not be afraid to tell it. In the matter of exchange and sale of our public lands too much power is vested in one man, our Executive. If something is not done soon by our Federal authority it will not be long before the people's land will share the same fate as the poor natives who once lived happily upon them, for the end is near.

The Premier of New Zealand in the disposal of the people's land invites that every acquisition should be carefully scanned by numerous critics. Every fault that can be found is promptly and vigorously found, and every complaint that can be made is made over and over again until finally it is threshed out in Parliament.

Justice Alfred S. Hartwell said once about the land question: "I would encourage all efforts to produce a healthy public sentiment, hoping that it would be shared by people of large means, on the subjects of manual labor, and of dignifying labor on the land."

"It is not by patronizing or pauperizing people that good is done." Dr. Maxwell said: "One industry alone in a country never develops the highest type of civilization, such would produce a wealthy and highly civilized class and a class correspondingly low in the scale of civilization."

The late Hon. J. B. Atherton said: "Industries based on rates of wages which barely provide for the laborer are out of the line of Christian civilization."

The family home, the schoolhouse, the church, are essential features of modern civilization. They are features which cost money. The law of all civilized countries require a man to contribute to the support of wife and children. It is for the good of society that the wages of manual laborers should be sufficient for the maintenance of family relations and other agencies of civilization.

U. S. Judge Dole says: "Scientific farming has proved its right to exist in this and all other countries. It is a great menace to the islands that came growing is made so profitable; the entire interest of the country has run into this one channel; on this account it is difficult for small farmers to get holdings which would make it profitable for them to improve."

Following are some extracts from my private correspondence:

Ahlgren, Sugar Beet Planter, Sweden: Send you our Land Act of 1895. Settlement Association.

Section 71 says: Six or more persons under this act, may form themselves into a settlement association, and apply for holdings in one block of

land. The Commissioner may cause to be surveyed lots in one block corresponding in numbers to the number of persons forming such association in agricultural or pastoral land, or both, according to the provisions of this act.

New York: In Hawaii the climate is ideal. The producing season covers every month in the year. If you like to know more about this country, address Secretary Wood.

Sisal: The sisal plant is propagated by suckers from the roots of the old sisal plant. Send you pamphlet on the sisal industry in this Territory.

Tobacco: Is another of our promising industry Jared Smith says. There is no tobacco grown in Cuba but what could be raised here under proper conditions.

Attorney-at-Law, Denver, Col.: There is more room for agricultural experts at this time in Hawaii than there is for more law, ers, physicians, bookkeepers and accountants.

Alameda, Cal.: A more beautiful sight than a large coffee field with its many hundreds of evergreen bushes, resembling lilac in bloom, can not be conceived. The air is impregnated with a sweet aroma like that of the orange. The small white flower with its rich fragrant odor much like the Jossamine.

R. H. Waikiki: I know of no better anti-malaria tree for you to plant than the eucalyptus, such as, E. drepanophylla. The hygienic value of this eucalyptus is well known. The powerful disinfecting action of the tree, the gradually dropping foliage deodorizing on the soil, are important features. This tree should become of the utmost importance in the swamps at Kakaako and around the duck ponds at Waikiki as it contains in its foliage much antiseptic and anti-miasmatic oil.

Niles, California: The India rubber tree is a new industry just beginning to attract attention. The rubber tree propagates itself here by seed or cuttings under proper conditions.

For further information about this valuable tree I refer you to Press Bulletin No. 13, Hawaiian U. S. Experiment Station, Special Agent Jared G. Smith.

The Date Palm: The culture of this interesting historical palm will become an important industry some day. Thousands of this profitable palm should be planted along the seashore on waste land. The resistance of the date palm to brackish and alkali soil is well known and will grow where a coconut palm will grow.

Unlike most fruit trees the date palm has male and female flowers on separate individuals. The date you see in our park and other places are worthless because they have not been pollinated.

Pollination: A twig of male flowers is inserted into the clusters of the female flowers and tied in place. This completes the operation of pollination.

Date trees are planted by the thousands in Arizona, near Phoenix. Three imported trees bore more than five hundred pounds of a good quality of dates and sold at twenty-five cents a pound.

Silk Culture: Another new source of

wealth to Hawaii is silk and fiber culture. Nothing adds so much to the family income of the extremely poor in Europe, China and Japan as silk and fiber culture. The growing of the mulberry tree and the feeding of the silk worm from its foliage can be made successfully here.

In Hawaii the silk worms may be hatched out continuously all the year around—no artificial heat is needed. The P. C. Advertiser: The small farm movement will not check the importation of limes, oranges and vegetables, as long as our property tax puts a premium on idleness and speculation, and a penalty on industry and improvements. Our tax system is a detriment to the Territory and an injury to its industries.

Dry Farming: Fresno, Cal., is a story in itself about dry farming. Thirty years ago it was a barren waste. A few starving cattle wandered on its monotonous flats, one forlorn settler who had built a house, was compelled to live for a part of every day in a cellar to escape the intense heat. Today Fresno is one of the garden spots of the earth. Ten thousand families revel in an affluence of fruitage; and a hundred thousand cattle graze in wide fields of alfalfa. Riverside, Pasadena and other southern cities sing the same song.

TELEGRAPH NOTES

Persia came under the control of the Regent on December 16.

Thousands of Poles have been executed as a result of the revolution.

The "Earthquake edition" of the Stanford Quad has been issued.

Cardinal Gibbon says that the stories of crime in the Congo are false.

Otto Lang, the Chicago capitalist, bequeathed half a million to charity.

The government is preparing to raise its own camphor in Florida and California.

George Walters, an actor, once associated with Henry Irving, died in New York.

A section of the roadway in front of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, sank several feet.

A new issue of \$100,000,000 bonds was authorized by the St. Paul Railway Company.

On behalf of the Geographic Society, President Roosevelt conferred upon Lieut.-Commander Peary a gold medal.

The new battleships Louisiana, Tennessee and Virginia have been given costly silver services by their namesake states.

Dr. Phillip Carroll, American consul at Manzanillo, Mexico, died recently. He had been in the consular service since 1879.

The Mexican Finance Minister asks \$20,000,000 from Congress for the improvement of the sea-terminals of the Tehuantepec railway.

Ferdinand Lee Barnett, the negro assistant state attorney of Illinois, was recently elected to one of the two-year terms as Judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago.

The head of the history department of Depauw University (Green Castle, Ind.) has declared that the girl students should wear red gowns, that being his favorite color.

Mr. Kealoha, elected as Supervisor from Koolauloa, is quoted as saying he would not join any caucus to choose officers, but would reserve his opinions and votes for open sessions of the new Board of Supervisors when it becomes constituted for public business.